



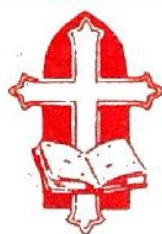
No Place To Hide

Can You Run From God?

**The Testimony From One
Who Knows**

Evangelist H. C. Godfrey

**609 SMITHBRIAR
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(912) 247-1740**



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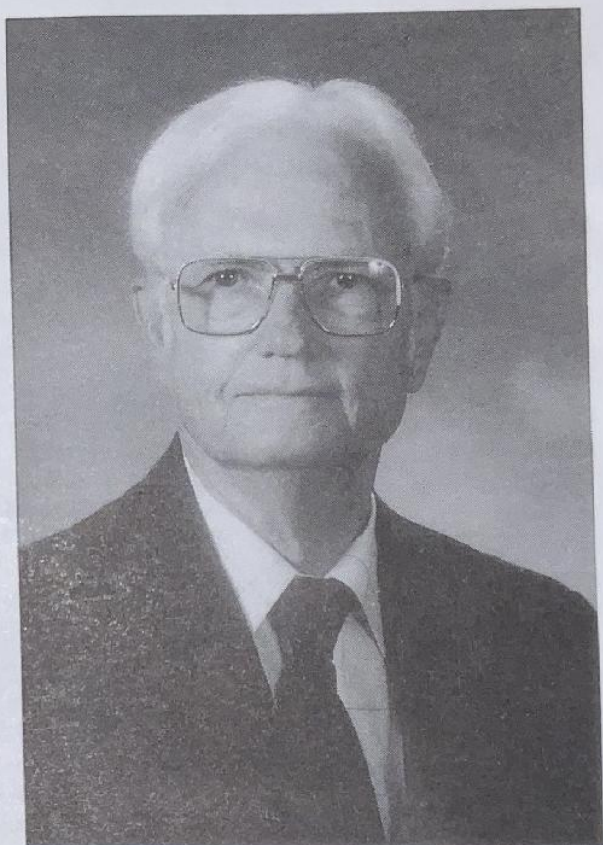
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CAN YOU RUN FROM GOD?

I was born December 9, 1918 in Greenville County, and at the age of three I moved to Laurens County. I started to school at the age of six, and hated it from the very beginning. In the sixth grade I missed a lot of school each Spring, and did not pass to the seventh grade. After two years in the sixth grade I was promoted to the seventh grade. I spent two years in the seventh and then went to the eighth grade. At this time we had a large family, with only Dad to provide for us. Since I was the oldest boy I had to help on the farm. I came up the hard way, of which I am now grateful.

I come from a family of nine children, having two brothers and six sisters. All are living at the time this book is being printed.

At the age of thirteen I was a regular church attender. I loved the preacher because he would help us on the farm and take me fishing with him at times.

When I was fourteen, we had a revival at Poplar Springs Baptist Church near Ware Shoals, S.C. At one of the services some of my boy friends and I decided we would join the church and be baptized. At the end of the service we went to the Prayer Room and the old fashioned Baptist preacher prayed with us. But like most boys, we wanted to get out as soon as possible and be baptized. At that time I was not concerned about salvation.

I was baptized. I went down a dry sinner and came up a wet sinner. Nothing changed. All old things had not passed away and all things had not become new. I did not love the things I once hated and neither did I hate the things I once loved. So this made me only a church member and not a Christian.

At the age of 17, I decided I wanted to leave home. After much pleading with my parents, I joined the C. C. C. Camp. Now, I thought this was the joy of my life. After two weeks in camp, I was sent to Albany, N.Y. I was happy there until Winter began. Then I changed my mind. The snow was around two or three feet deep and the temperature below zero. I wanted to see South Carolina. After four months in New York State I returned home.

My first job after returning home was in a cafe. Working for \$9.00 a week. I worked an average of 60 to 70 hours a week. With only one day a week for rest, I began to drink on my day off.

After two years in the cafe, I was making \$11.00 a week.

When I was 19 I fell in love. I was married at the age of 20.

At this time I was making \$11.00 a week and my wife was making \$16.00 a week. We started housekeeping. After a year of marriage we had an increase in our family — a little baby girl was born.

Since the family had increased and I was the only one to make a living, I was compelled to change jobs. I took an insurance job with a salary of \$70.00 a week. I was a special agent, and didn't like the job — so I quit.

My next job was at the Clearwater Manufacturing Co., near Augusta, Ga. We moved to North Augusta to make our new home.

All the while I was never happy. My mind would always go back to the time I was in the little church of Poplar Springs. It was there that Jesus first knocked on my hearts door, but I would not let Him in. I am sure some of you have had the same knock by the Holy Spirit, haven't you?

My first thought of how bad a man needs Jesus as His

Lord and Saviour it was in North Augusta. One night while asleep in my bed, about 2 o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by what seemed to be someone standing at the foot of my bed. I will never forget such a time and experience I had. The first thing I can remember after waking up was talking to someone whom I thought to be Jesus. My wife was awakened by my talking to the one I thought to be the Son of God. After turning on the light all disappeared. I was extremely frightened as all sinners who are lost and on their way to hell will be when they face Jesus. There was no more sleep for me that night.

From that time I ran from God so much it would take a book to hold the times I ran from the Holy Spirit. All the while someone was praying for me.

After some time in North Augusta my wife, baby and I moved back home to Ware Shoals, S.C., where my second child was born.

Arriving at home, I was not satisfied. I decided I would go to work in Baltimore, Md., in an airplane factory. This I did. I worked for about six or seven months and came back home again.

Back home I went to work in a cafe again. At this time our third child was born. I was not happy. There was always something I wanted I didn't have. I needed Jesus, as my Saviour.

At this time I decided I would join the Army. My first stop after entering the Army was Fort Jackson, S.C. After 11 months there we had another increase in the family. I was shipped to North Carolina. From there to Mississippi, on to the State of Washington, then to Massachusetts. From there I went to Pennsylvania, from there to California, then to New Jersey and at last to India. Then back home again after three years to try to settle down.

Home again and back at work, in a Western Auto Store, I soon became manager. I was not happy. There was something missing. It was a Saviour and his name was Jesus. After some time at this work I decided I would look for greener grass.

I took a new job selling automobiles, and was making good money. The owner and I drank together. Once on a drinking party, we had a wreck. I decided the best thing for both of us was for me to give up my job, and I did.

At this time I bought a filling station and was doing a large business. But I was not happy even though I was making plenty of money. But money wasn't everything to me. I wanted to be happy. At the close of each day, I would drink heavily, but this couldn't last. I was only happy as long as the whiskey lasted.

My children would go to church regularly. My wife and I never darkened the door unless they had a homecoming.

Thank God for the "Bright Spot Hour" and a faithful preacher.

I regularly drank every Saturday night, and would sleep every Sunday until noon because of the hang-over. Each Sunday my wife listened to the Bright Spot Hour on a Greenville, S.C. radio station, and I would be awakened by this program every Sunday. This was very annoying to me until one weekend the program became interesting because Dr. Harold Sightler's wife and daughter had been involved in a serious automobile accident. His daughter was killed and his wife was not expected to live. After that I would hardly wait each week to hear the progress of Mrs. Sightler.

After listening to the program for some time, I got under conviction and wanted to be saved. One Sunday morning Brother Sightler made a statement on the

radio, "If any man was tired of his sins and wanted to be saved, just kneel and ask the Lord to save him." I did this in my bedroom, but never told anyone about it until later as you will read in the following message regarding my experience with the Lord. I know this is where I found the truth about salvation. I was not assured until I walked down the aisle of the church and confessed Him openly before men.

One Sunday I decided that I would go to church. For what, I don't know, but I went. At the close of the message, I decided I was going to be saved and I walked down the aisle, gave the preacher my hand, and told him I was concerned about my soul and wanted to be saved. The preacher, with all the help he knew, ask me did I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. I said: "I sure do." And friend, I want to stop and say that just because you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you won't be saved. You will have to accept what you believe. I said: "I sure do." He said: "Well, all you have to do since you believe is join the church. I said: "I have joined the church and have already been baptized." He said, that I would be ok. But not so. I was a miserable wreck on my way to hell — it seemed.

A few weeks later I started to this same church again, but by the leadership of the Spirit of God, I went to an old fashioned Baptist Church, and heard an old fashioned Baptist preacher preach the word of the Lord.

This happened on Sunday morning. Sunday night I was back again and when the preacher completed his message, I was walking the aisle as before, hungry as I could be for something. I made my way to the Prayer Room, and fell on my face before God and I want you to know here and there I found what I had been looking for. All of these years, I had been looking for something that I found on my knees. At the present I am happy in

my soul — the burden of my sin was rolled away. Do you have a burden of sin? If so, let Jesus roll the burden away for you. Church membership and being baptized won't roll the burden of sin away. I would like to say that from that time until now I have over-come the world. All old things have passed away, and, behold, all things became new to me. I was a drunkard, I went to the movies, I played cards, I gambled, I smoked cigarettes, I ran after harlots, I cursed, taking the Lord's name in vain, but all of this rolled away when I became a Christian. Has this happened to you? You might ask: "What do you do for enjoyment?" Well, it is like this — I have joy that the world knows nothing about. If possible, I would tell you, but it is joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Six months after God had saved an old sinner like me, He called me to preach the word. This I yielded to at once, and decided I would prepare myself for the work. I started back to school. North Greenville College was where I entered school. I decided within myself I would drop the idea of preaching and go back to my business, not thinking that God might have something to say and do about this.

It was rather hard for me to think of preaching and giving up my business. I was making a great sum of money. I knew if I sold out and began to preach I didn't have a church to supply my needs, and I didn't have faith to believe that God would look after me since I would be in His business. I want to say here that I had rather be in the business for God than any other business in the world. If I need anything I ask God and he has never let me down. He will never leave or forsake us.

I bought a filling station in Laurens, S.C. This gave me two stations. I built a garage in Ware Shoals and

handled used cars. After some time I began to sell and handle junk cars. I was all tied up in business, so busy I didn't have time to think about preaching. All the time God hadn't forgotten about me.

One afternoon about dusky dark was a sad time in my life. I shall never forget it if I live to be ten thousand years old. I had started home from a hard day's work in my wrecker. On my way home I was going down a very steep hill when all of a sudden my brakes gave away. I put the wrecker in gear to check the speed, but the gears were out of order and had no effect of checking the speed whatsoever. Traveling at a fast rate of speed, I would not jump out. At this time I was approaching Highway 25 which was a heavy traveled thoroughfare. I don't know how you would have felt going down this hill, but I know how I felt.

Entering the highway, it so happened I was across the highway before a car, which was approaching from the north could reach me, but the two of us could have collided. After crossing the highway, the left door of the wrecker was opened and it hit a telephone pole, cutting it down. It so happened that my left leg was hanging out of the wrecker and the post and door struck my leg, breaking it in six places, and my hip in three places. The wrecker went on into the woods and hit a tree causing it to come to a complete stop. At this time my body was in the foot of the wrecker, and on the seat beside my head was my left foot. Well, I thought my leg was cut off. It was so hot in the wrecker I had to come out. I took a dive out and landed on the ground with my head between two logs. There I found my leg was not cut off — just broken in several places.

Since the post had been cut down, the power was off and the telephones were out of commission. This made it difficult to get a doctor or an ambulance. We couldn't

get a doctor, but finally we got an ambulance. I was placed in the ambulance and off we went to the hospital. On the way to the hospital I talked to my Father and asked Him if he would spare my life, and I would preach and would not compromise with anybody if he would only spare my life. I got the assurance that He would do that for me before I arrived at the hospital.

On my arrival at the hospital, God had one of the best doctors on the staff of Greenwood Hospital in the emergency room waiting on my arrival. You say, "Preacher, how do you know God had the doctor there?" Because the doctor was not conscious of being there. He did not know what he was doing there, neither did he realize that he was there. He was not drunk. It was just the work of God. I believe God, don't you?

After the doctor examined me, he gave me a shot and said if I was living in 30 minutes they would try to remove me from the stretcher. This they did, and they drained my bladder which was full of clear blood, but God stopped that.

Four days later they operated on me and placed a silver brace beside my leg bone from my hip to my knee. After the operation, they said it would be from six to eight months before I would be able to get out of bed. This was tough for me, because I didn't like the thought of being in for that long period of time. But something happened. As I prayed, God heard and I wanted to get started at my work (preaching the Gospel).

After five weeks in bed I was up walking on crutches and going to church. Seven weeks from that time, I was preaching my first message on crutches.

I began a tent revival in Simpsonville, S.C., in a borrowed tent with borrowed seats. God blessed me, so I bought the tent and organized a Baptist Church. We bought the lot where the tent was first put up and didn't

remove the ten until we had a building, 30 x 70 feet, finished.

The church is now ten months old and we have about 100 members. We have seen more than 150 souls saved here in the tent and church together in our stay in Simpsonville, S.C. We praise God for His wonderful love toward us, and the way He has blessed me in my preaching of His word.

After thirty years I have had the joy of preaching and God has permitted me to start two Baptist churches in South Carolina, five in South Georgia and one in Florida. Five of these churches have Christian Day Schools. I have recently gone into full time Evangelism and want to encourage all the pastors I can, and win some poor lost sinners to Jesus Christ.

My dear friend, it pays to serve God and if you haven't been born again, won't you ask God to have mercy on your sin sick soul and save you. If you will, God will do the rest.

A few things God wants you to do and know —

First, you need to be saved. John 3:3, Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God.

Second, you cannot save yourself. Titus 3:5, Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us.

Third, Jesus has already provided for your salvation. John 3:16, For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.

Now your part: For whosoever shall call upon the Lord shall be saved. Sinner will you trust Jesus for Salvation? May God bless you.

Will you cast yourself wholly on the mercies of God and come to Him today by trusting in His Son.

Will you not settle it in your heart definitely and then mail the following statement:

Dear Brother Godfrey

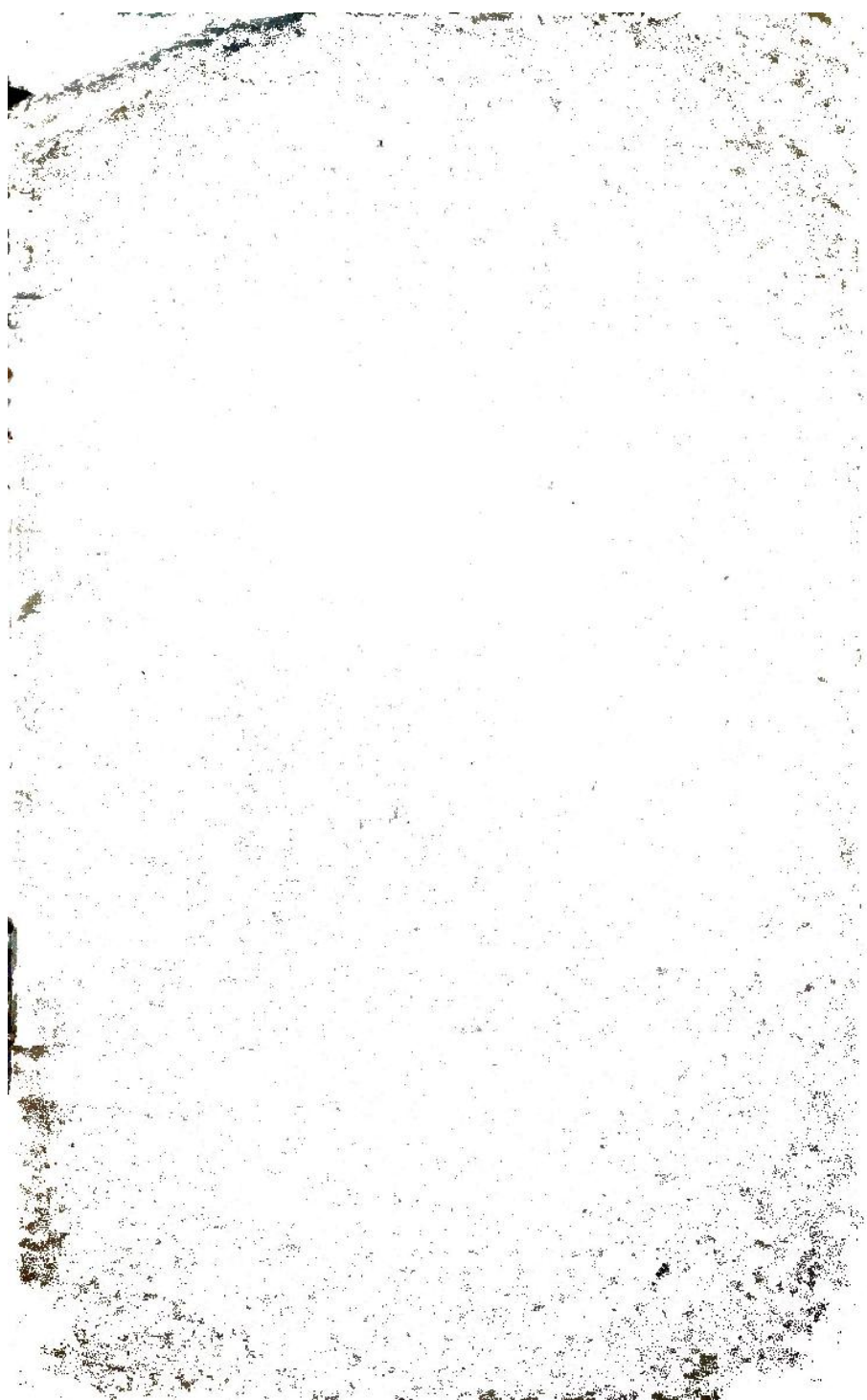
I have read your message on "Can You Run From God?" Since it will be impossible for me to run from God, I want to accept Jesus as my peace-making sacrifice, and I trust Him wholly as my high priest, my advocate with God. By faith I claim Christ as my Saviour this very day, and I will rest with Him, receive Him and openly claim him as my Saviour.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DATE _____

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